

of what American delicacy calls 'modern improvements,' and the tenacity with which American in-

delicacy adheres to ancient nuisances, give them a half finished and half-furnished appearance." There is also a cut-and-dried look about everything. Scarcely any objects seem meant for use; all are so prim and formal in pattern and position; while the general sameness seems to indicate a common measurement. In some houses, the walls are covered with tolerable engravings; in many, they are spotted with wretched pictures; in few, is anything seen that is chaste in art, and rare in America.

There is very little originality in the American mind, not much variety in the national manners, except in some occasional specimens of a Sam Slick or a Col. Crockett. The sameness among people in the Atlantic cities is perfectly tiresome. There is a general feeling that the English are

very little America of what the English call heart. No one ever died for love in New-England, except an unfortunate Italian music master in Boston, who shot himself one morning, much to the surprise of his cold-blooded pupil, who quietly married immediately afterward. The American is greatly deficient in benevolence. He may be civil and courteous, but be in neither cordial nor candid. The deeper passions, in the European sense of the term, are unknown to him. The development of caution is immense in the Yankee mind. But in America, there is none of that noble pride (of which Mr. Grattan doubtless is a model), which, mingling sense with sentiment, can go great lengths out of the common track. Generosity is rarely seen. Earnestness is a quality unknown to the Americans. To take a thing to heart is

phase they do not understand. Their blood simmers up at times, but never boils. Self interest and appearance-ake are the ruling motives. In fact, all the morals among the people are extremely superficial. No one feels very deeply on any subject. Nothing profound can be cited as characteristic of the United States. Intense emotion does not exist, and a fiery temper is seldom met with. The bursts of violence which occur in the South and West, the desperate encounters with bow-knives, revolvers and rifles, cannot plead the excuse of a fierce temper, so often allied to a generous heart. It is the spirit of calculation and design that directs the seters. The cold-blooded bravo of the South shows an equal want of passionate feeling with the Yankee dandy in a ball-room. All the

sentiments as affections of the people are the result of habit, or of a sense of duty. The expatriate indifference toward close acquaintances, friends, or lovers is without parallel. Nobody seems to care about the persons met with the oftenest and known the best. There is no easy intercourse between neighbors; no real sociability; though they sometimes ask each other socially, as they call it; but that means merely that a dozen or more are not to eat as heavy a supper as if they were asked to a general party. There is no possible chance, maintains our too begone diplomat, for social enjoyment, or for companionship, as "we understood it," among such a selfish and heartless kine.

But the character and manners of the American people, as typified by the reptile race that crawl

through the "highways and byways" of Boston, are not more disgusting than their household economy, and especially their mode of living. On this topic, the author dissembles with an unctuous and edifying pathos. The very first day of his arrival in Boston, he was shocked by the sight of the far-famed Chowder—delight of Daniel Webster, dear to a Yankee as the haggis to a Scotchman—who he finds "an odious compound, a thick mess made of haddock, onions, butter, biscuit, and fat pork." Next come, in a series of horrors, "hounkey, tautog, squash, and mush." He even tried to digest "slap-jack, flap-jack, rye-cake, *ris-cake* (*ris*, the participle of the verb active 'to rise'), cup-cake, Johnny-cake and doughnuts." Once, as a matter of conscience, he tasted "some of the *haddock*," which he called "the fish of the sea."

verages technically called "drinks," such as multiple, cherry-cobbler, gin-sling, and gin-cocktail." The first he pronounces detestable, had as a cordial, and worse as physic; the second was delicious (the only delicious thing the Consul found in America); "snake-root bitters, timber-doodle, egg-nog" he had heard of, but was never tempted to taste. The standing dish at all the tables which our fastidious friend honored with his presence appears to have been pork, or, to use his graceful euphemism, "pig's meat." In Boston cookery, detestable for its grossness, "lumps of fat pork are put into fish soups, layers of it on fish fried, and a piece of it is invariably served up on the same dish with a boiled chicken." His decent abhorrence was expressed by even seeing it served up as an accompaniment of a leg of mutton. But the most frightful of

hall, was to see this "beloved nourishment" eaten with treacle by way of sauce, a favorite dish called "pork and molasses," which the veracious author doubtless frequently encountered at the tables of Harrison Gray Otis and Col. T. B. Perkins. "The national taste certainly runs on pork, salt-fish, tough poultry, and little birds of all descriptions." "A high-flavored, but half starved, fallow kind of venison is considered a dainty. It is always served disgustingly underdone—almost as a soustenance—on pewter or tin plates, standing over burners with spirits of wine, to enable each person to cook it to a thick gray according to his fancy. This is a very disagreeable process to witness." "I," confesses the Irish elegante, "was never tempted to undertake it."

But we are giving more space to these volumes than they can claim on any score, for they have not even the merit of being amusing, except in their ludicrous misrepresentations and the example which they furnish of a very small specimen of human nature expanding into unquaint proportions by the mere force of conceit and pomposity. Their only value consists in their lessons to our way, too confident countrymen not to be made the dupes of foreign pretension in social life. Of genuine European gentlemen, whose education and character alike render them worthy of confidence and esteem, we have too many examples before us to permit the exercise of a foolish and narrow-minded jealousy of foreigners. But our Boston neighbors evidently carried their hospitality a little

to star. In mistaking Gratton for a gentleman, they committed a blunder which is not without parallels in all our cities. The record of their facility is contained in this book, and it may profitably be taken into consideration before yielding a too implicit trust to letters of introduction, plausible manners, or sycoracious audacity. The sippant and calumnious personalities, in which the author so profusely indulges, attest his own inveterate love of vulgar gossip, but can produce no injurious effect on the persons (for many cases men of eminent mark and distinction) against whom they are directed. They can only serve as a warning, which by this time should be superfluous, that the guest who drinks the wine of his host with an obsequious smile, may be only gathering materials for an incontinent lampoon.